A FABLE

WALKING ON AIR WITH MISS MAGOO

—

Or; All Your Favorite Hits in One Place!

That day, as with the day before it and the day before that one, Miss Magoo awoke to the sound of a warbling voice in her teeth. They lay in a glass on the bedstand, and when Miss Magoo donned them she was greeted by word of the weather. Looking out of the windowsill, the voice's faraway dreams of golden sun rays regaled Miss Magoo's ears, even as it belied the sky blanketed with heavy grey clouds which stretched out before Miss Magoo's eyes. She had visited a dentist a long time ago and asked about the voices, for inevitably there were multiple, that persistently scurried across the metal clasps and bounced between molar and incisor, day in and day out. Could, should anything be done to curtail this strange affliction? He blinked a few times after a pause pregnant with a fluorescent hum and asked if she had been flossing.

Walking down the sidewalk, stepping around the stems of weary plants that shot up between cracks in the pavement, Miss Magoo was accompanied by the roaring din of a baroque fugue as she wondered what it would be like to wear a hulking cast-iron diving suit she had seen in a museum once. She leaned at a sinistral angle during her shift at the soap plant, having discovered with this procedure she could substitute the flibbertigibbet raving of a newswire with a channel discussing - and, in a few fiery cases, debating - the archeological record of that week's piece of primitive earthenware. Once, a hijacker calling himself 'The Spectre' had seized the broadcast to publicly harangue his mother and contradict the usual host on the merits of carbon dating charcoal residue found in a jar. The walk back was set to a piano score with notes that fell like drops of rain.

Later, sitting in a wingback chair with her eyes directed at the peeling wallpaper, Miss Magoo was whisked away by her teeth to the rich world of an incredibly involved mystery serial she was of two minds about, both garbled, like a radio caught between stations. For the next hour or so, Gumshoe O'Doyle would walk the beat, grumbling and interviewing an entire block's worth of shifty skid row down-and-outers. He would usually narrow the perp down to three suspicious characters by the time the Sun sank to the horizon, but Miss Magoo often would fall asleep

beforehand, right around the interrogation with Suspect No. 19 (that night, a reformed - or was he? - yegg-turned-acetylene welder from the sticks, brother to the dead man in the cement mixer.)

As a storm roiled above, the teeth chattered away submarinely about a mad anesthetist plying his trade on unsuspecting households, this demented sport ostensibly having no gain other than sowing the seeds of maniacal chaos. The jabbering was faintly perceptibly from the distant windowsill, where Miss Magoo had decided to place the glass before drifting off to sleep that night.